CHARLTON COMICS
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ABBOTT & COSTELLO
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
12¢
CDC NO. 5 NOV.
HEY, ABBOTT!
DIDN'T YOU FORGET SOMETHING?
HENRY SCARPELLI

ABBOTT & COSTELLO

SCRIPTS: STEVE SKEATES
ART HENRY SCARPELLI
LETTERING: RAY BURZON
EDITED BY: SAL GENTILE
IN WHIRLIGIG
OKAY, BOSS! SEE YOU IN AN HOUR!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! YOU CAN BREAK FOR LUNCH!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, A CERTAIN SELF-MADE SCIENTIST HAS JUST HIRED OUR BOYS AS LAB ASSISTANTS...
B-154!
AN HOUR?? YOU'LL SEE ME SOONER THAN THAT! AROUND HERE, FELLA, LUNCH HOUR ONLY LASTS FOR TEN MINUTES!
WHA?
BUT IF IT'S ONLY TEN MINUTES LONG, WHY DO YOU CALL IT "LUNCH HOUR?"
BECAUSE "LUNCH TEN MINUTES" JUST DOESN'T SOUND RIGHT..
BOY! WE SURE ENDED UP WITH A NUTTY EMPLOYER THIS TIME!
DON'T KNOCK IT! AT LEAST, WE'RE EMPLOYED, FOR A CHANGE!
ABBOT & COSTELLO

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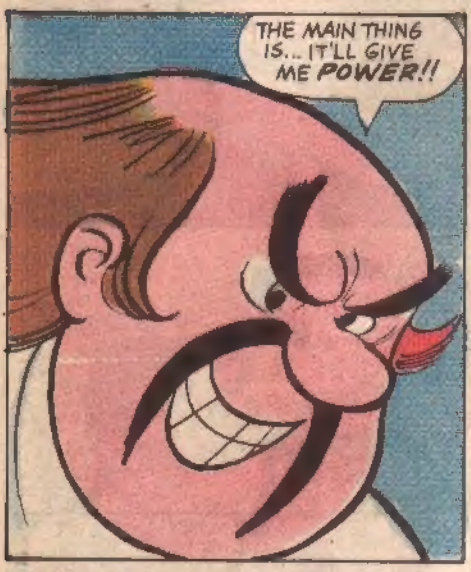
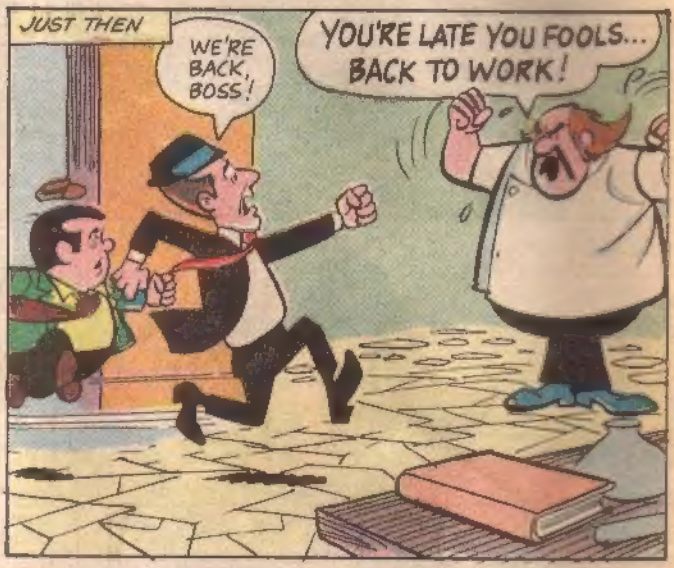
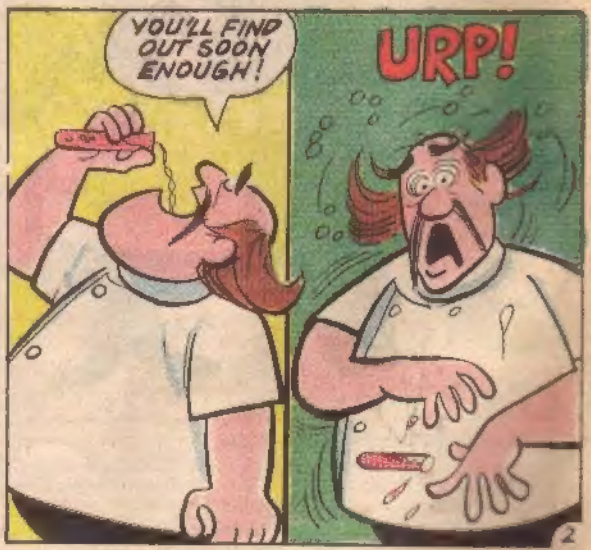
THOSE TWO NUMBSKULL ASSISTANTS OF MINE MAY NOT KNOW IT, BUT THEY'RE HELPING A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS CONCOCT THE GREATEST CREATION EVER INVENTED!

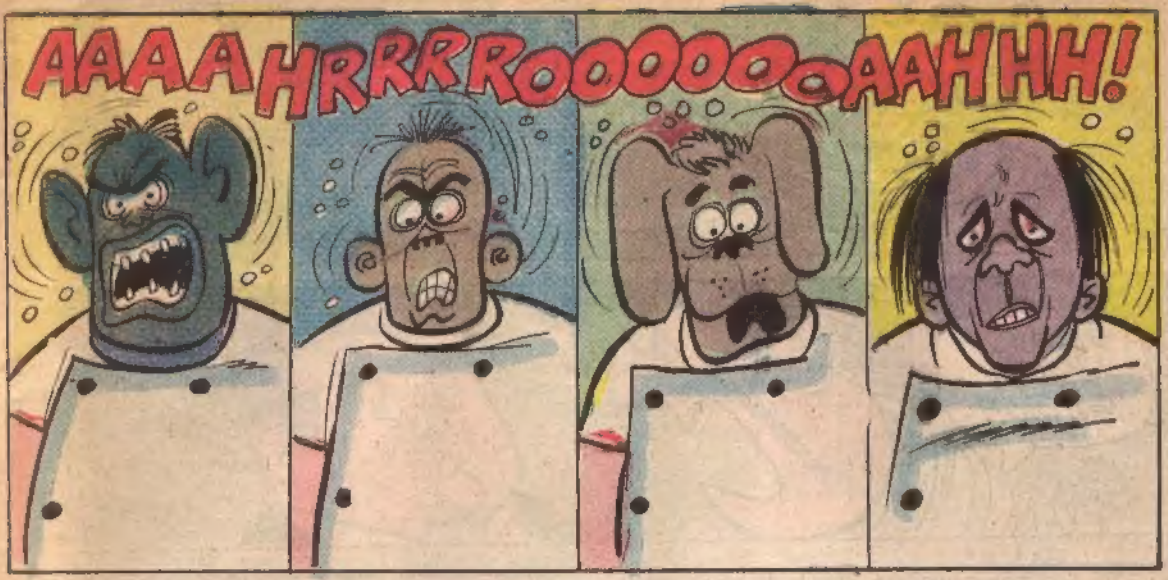
BUT OF COURSE, AS A TRUE SCIENTIST, I REALIZE THAT PERSONAL REWARD IS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE!
SO WHAT IF THIS DISCOVERY BRINGS ME FAME AND FORTUNE? THAT'S NOT WHAT REALLY MATTERS!

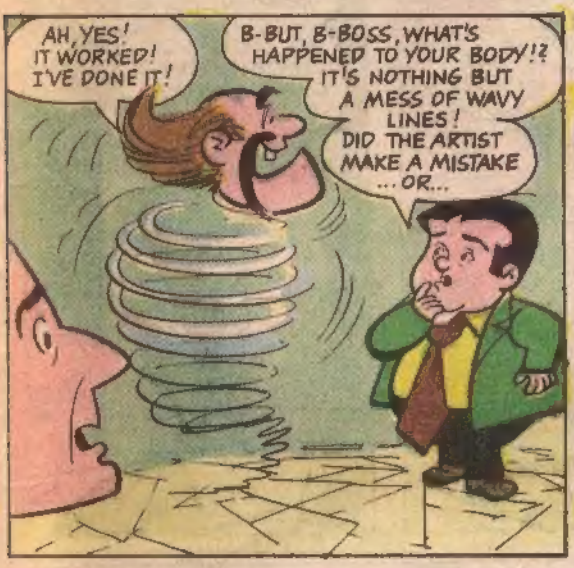

THE MAIN THING IS... IT'LL GIVE ME POWER!!


JUST THEN
WE'RE BACK, BOSS!
YOU'RE LATE YOU FOOLS... BACK TO WORK!

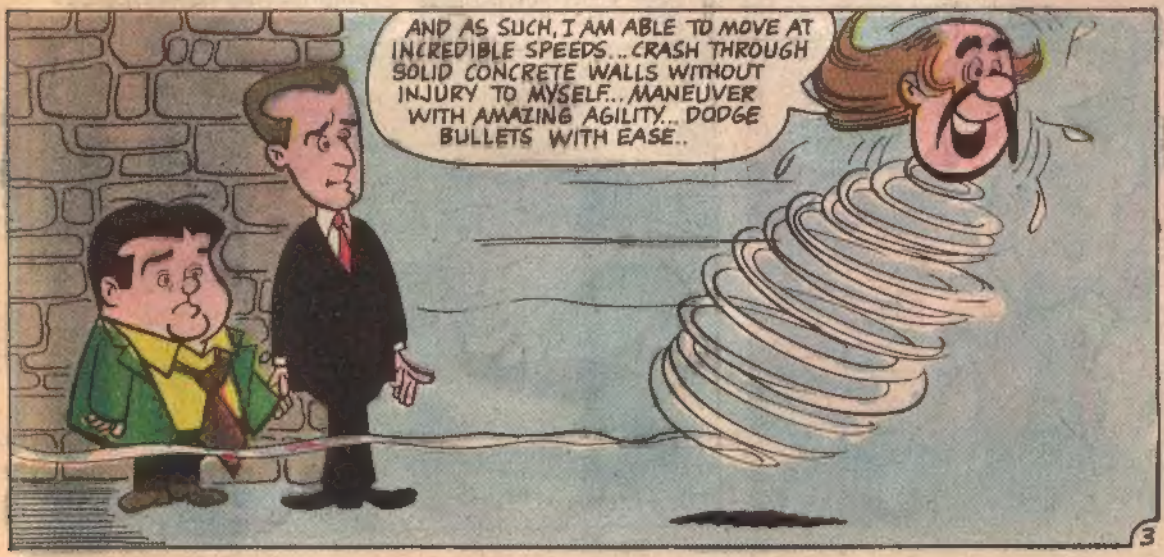
HOURS LATER
THERE, IT'S FINISHED!
ACCORDING TO MY RESEARCH, THIS IS THE CONCOCTION I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR!
GEE WH-WHAT IS IT, BOSS? WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO DO?

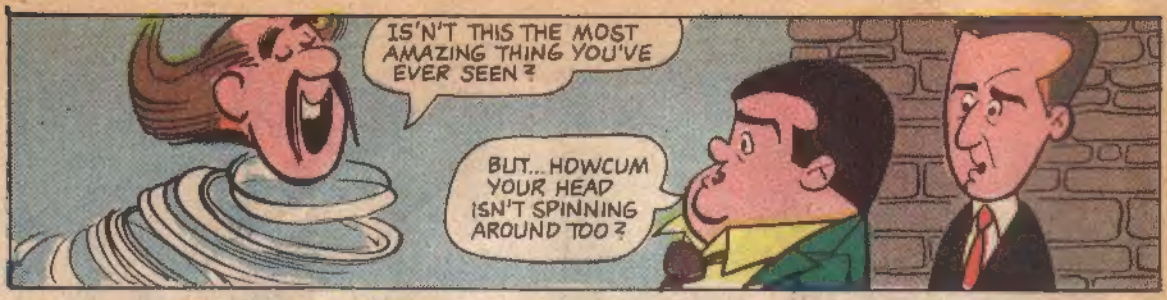

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!
URP!

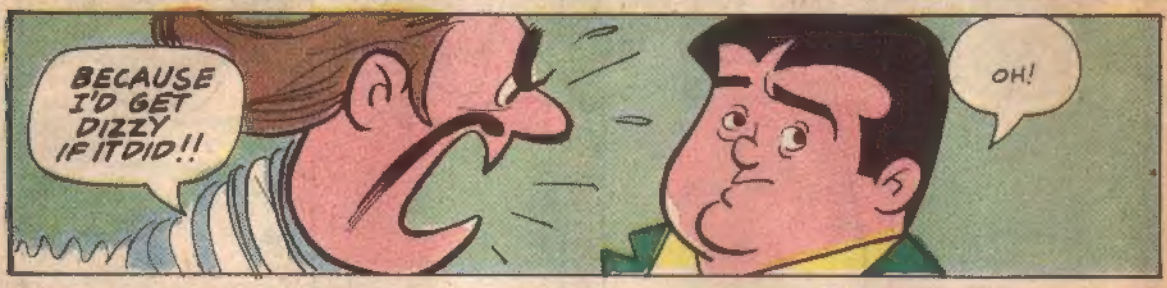

AAAAHRRRROOOOOOOAAHHH!


AH, YES! IT WORKED! I'VE DONE IT!
B-BUT, B-BOSS, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR BODY!?
IT'S NOTHING BUT A MESS OF WAVY LINES!
DID THE ARTIST MAKE A MISTAKE ...OR...

DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE SERUM I DRANK ACTED ON THE CELLULAR STRUCTURE OF MY BODY CAUSING MY BODY TO SPIN AROUND AT A FANTASTIC RATE OF SPEED!
IN OTHER WORDS, I'VE BECOME A HUMAN TOP!


AND AS SUCH, I AM ABLE TO MOVE AT INCREDIBLE SPEEDS... CRASH THROUGH SOLID CONCRETE WALLS WITHOUT INJURY TO MYSELF... MANEUVER WITH AMAZING AGILITY... DODGE BULLETS WITH EASE..


IS'N'T THIS THE MOST AMAZING THING YOU'VE EVER SEEN?
BUT... HOWCUM YOUR HEAD ISN'T SPINNING AROUND TOO?


BECAUSE I'D GET DIZZY IF IT DID!!
OH!

I'VE GOT SOME URGENT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO ELSEWHERE... NAMELY ROBBING THE LOCAL BANK!
WHAT??

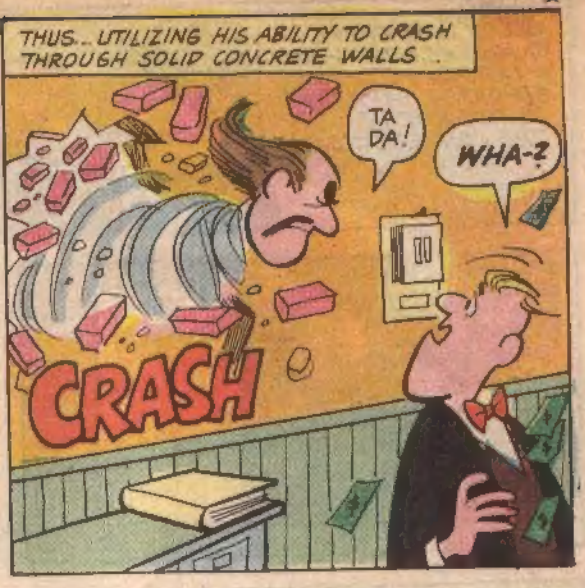
GOOD GRIEF! WE'VE HELPED CREATE A... SUPER-VILLAIN!
WE DID?

WOW! WOTTA MESS!
WE COULD GET THROWN OUTTA COMIC BOOKS FOR THIS!
WE COULD?

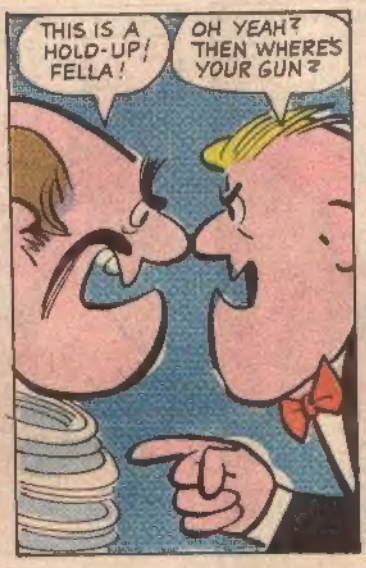
THE COMICS CODE IS VERY STRICT ABOUT THESE THINGS! GOOD GUYS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO HELP THE VILLAINS!

WHA-? WH-WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO FIND US ONE OF THEM SUPER-HEROES AND RAT ON THIS FIEND! THAT OUGHTTA RECTIFY THINGS!

AND NOW TO MAKE MY SPECTACULAR ENTRANCE!
FIRST NATIONAL RIVER BANK

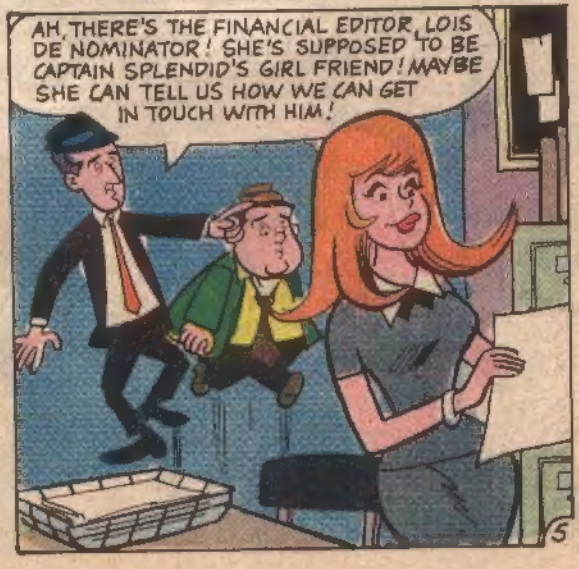

THUS... UTILIZING HIS ABILITY TO CRASH THROUGH SOLID CONCRETE WALLS
TA DA!
WHA-?
CRASH

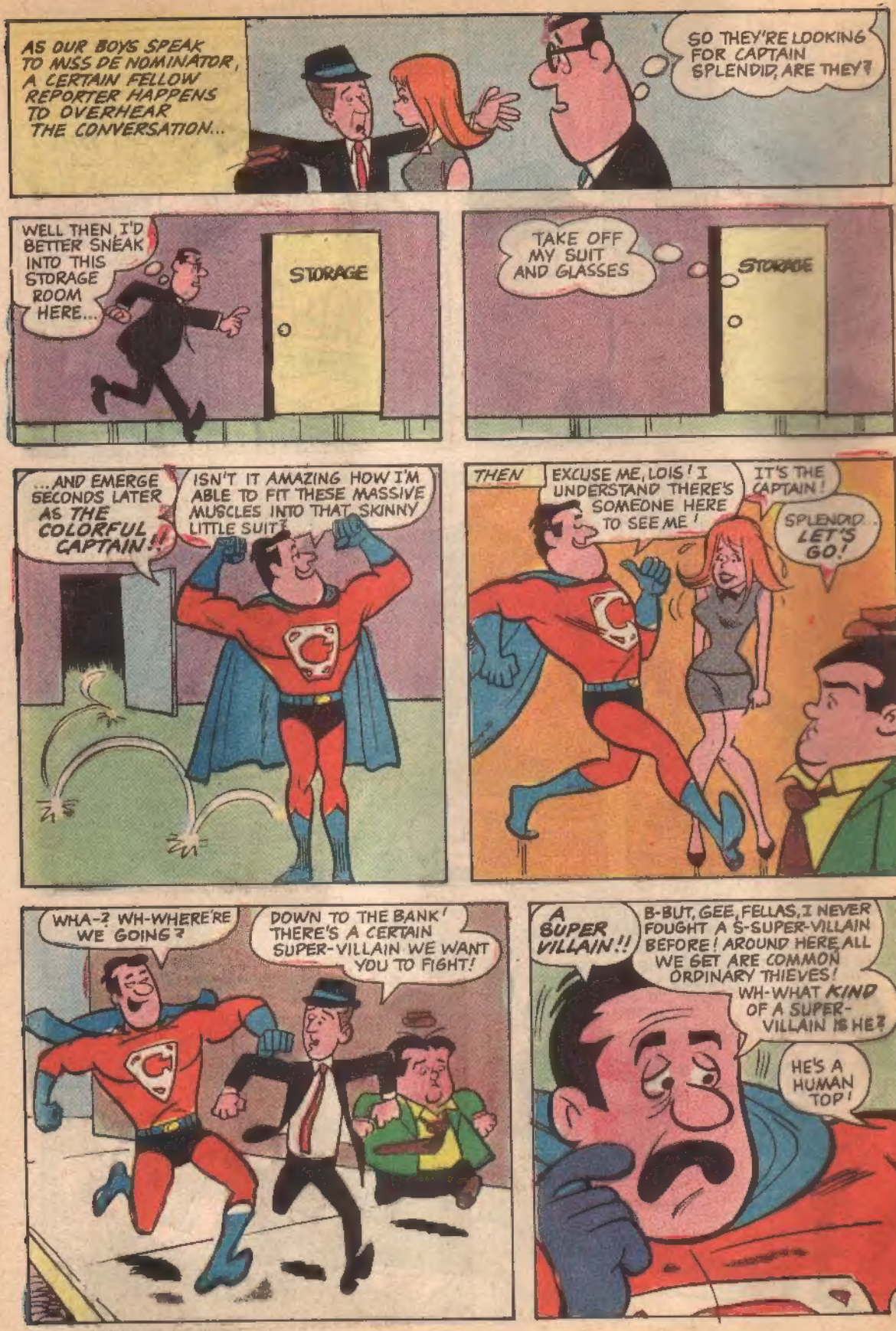
HEY WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? IT'S AFTER CLOSING HOURS!
SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUSTER!


THIS IS A HOLD-UP! FELLA!
OH YEAH? THEN WHERE'S YOUR GUN?

GUN? I DON'T NEED A GUN! I'VE GOT SUPERPOWERS! AND YOU'D BETTER DO LIKE I SAID...
ULP! OKAY, OKAY!

AND AT THAT SAME INSTANT.
GEE ABBOTT, WHY DID WE COME HERE... TO THE OFFICE OF THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER?
BECAUSE OUR LOCAL SUPER-HERO CAPTAIN SPLENDID, HAS BEEN KNOWN TO HANG OUT HERE!


AH, THERE'S THE FINANCIAL EDITOR, LOIS DE NOMINATOR! SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE CAPTAIN SPLENDID'S GIRL FRIEND! MAYBE SHE CAN TELL US HOW WE CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM!

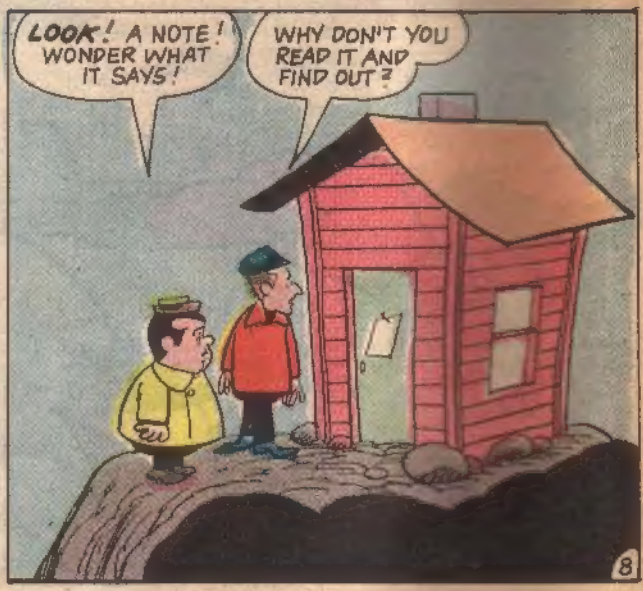

AS OUR BOYS SPEAK TO MISS DE NOMINATOR, A CERTAIN FELLOW REPORTER HAPPENS TO OVERHEAR THE CONVERSATION...
SO THEY'RE LOOKING FOR CAPTAIN SPLENDID, ARE THEY?
WELL THEN, I'D BETTER SNEAK INTO THIS STORAGE ROOM HERE...
STORAGE
TAKE OFF MY SUIT AND GLASSES
STORAGE
...AND EMERGE SECONDS LATER AS THE COLORFUL CAPTAIN!!
ISN'T IT AMAZING HOW I'M ABLE TO FIT THESE MASSIVE MUSCLES INTO THAT SKINNY LITTLE SUIT?
THEN
EXCUSE ME, LOIS! I UNDERSTAND THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE ME!
IT'S THE CAPTAIN!
SPLENDID LET'S GO!
WHA-? WH-WHERE'RE WE GOING?
DOWN TO THE BANK! THERE'S A CERTAIN SUPER-VILLAIN WE WANT YOU TO FIGHT!
A SUPER VILLAIN!!
B-BUT, GEE, FELLAS, I NEVER FOUGHT A S-SUPER-VILLAIN BEFORE! AROUND HERE ALL WE GET ARE COMMON ORDINARY THIEVES!
WH-WHAT KIND OF A SUPER-VILLAIN IS HE?
HE'S A HUMAN TOP!
6

A HUMAN TOP? YOU MEAN, IF YOU PUMP HIS HEAD UP AND DOWN HIS BODY STARTS SPINNING AROUND?
WELL NO... NOT EXACTLY!
SOON...
LOOK, THERE HE IS! GO GET HIM CAP!
BUT... BUT...!
ALL R-RIGHT, YOU CRUMMY TH-THIEF! STOP R-RIGHT WH-WHERE YOU ARE!
AHH, GIT OUTTA MY WAY, YOU SNIVELING FOOL!
I AM THE GREATEST SUPER-VILLAIN THERE EVER WAS! I HAVE POWERS FAR BEYOND THOSE OF...
HEY! W-WAIT A MINUTE! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
OH NO! I'VE STOPPED SPINNING! I'VE LOST MY SUPER-POWERS! I'VE BECOME NORMAL!
YOU HAVE?
GOOD! NOW I CAN BEAT YOU UP WITH EASE! YOU ROTTEN CRIMINAL YOU!
WHA-? BUT... BUT...
POW
SOCK!
SMAK!
SO YOU SEE, COSTELLO, ONCE AGAIN GOOD HAS TRIUMPHED OVER EVIL!
BUT GEE, ABBOTT, I ALWAYS THOUGHT GOOD WAS A BIT NICER THAN THIS
YOU KNOW, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THESE SUPERHEROS AREN'T SUCH GREAT GUYS AFTER ALL!
END

ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING UNCLE

IT WAS A WINDY WINTER'S AFTERNOON, AND TWO MEN WERE SLOWLY CLIMBING THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN SLOPE...
YOU KNOW, COSTELLO ...VISITING YOUR UNCLE IS GETTING TO BE A PAIN! HOWCUM HE HAS TO LIVE UP HERE, ON TOP OF A MOUNTAIN?
THAT'S JUST HIS WAY, ABBOTT!
8-1502

SAYS HE COULDN'T STAND TO LIVE IN ONE OF THOSE SMALL, CRAMPED CITY APARTMENTS!
WATCH YOUR STEP, ABBOTT! THERE ISN'T MUCH ROOM TO MOVE AROUND UP THERE!



GOOD IDEA!
HMM..."GONE ON VACATION! BE BACK NEXT THURSDAY!"
WHAT?
YOU MEAN, WE CLIMBED ALL THE WAY UP HERE FOR NOTHING?!
IT KINDA LOOKS THAT WAY, DOESN'T IT?
LET ME SEE THAT NOTE!
YOU KNOW, COME TO THINK OF IT, WE HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW LONG THIS NOTE HAS BEEN UP THERE!
...AND TODAY'S THURSDAY! SO MAYBE TODAY'S THE DAY YOUR UNCLE RETURNS.
NO, IT COULDN'T BE!
AND WHY NOT?
BECAUSE THE NOTE SAYS NEXT THURSDAY! NOT THIS THURSDAY!
BUT DON'T YOU SEE? IF THIS NOTE HAS BEEN UP HERE FOR A WEEK, THAT WOULD MEAN THAT TODAY IS NEXT THURSDAY THE NOTE IS TALKING ABOUT!
BUT...BUT HOW CAN TODAY BE NEXT THURSDAY!? NEXT THURSDAY ISN'T SUPPOSED TO COME TILL NEXT WEEK SOMETIME!
NO! NO! YOU'RE MISSING THE WHOLE POINT!
BUT, ABBOTT, I'M ALMOST SURE TODAY ISN'T NEXT THURSDAY!
9

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO EXPLAIN ANYTHING TO YOU!
HEY, ABBOTT, I WOULDN'T LEAN AGAINST THE HOUSE IF I WERE YOU!
WHY NOT?
THERE! THAT'S WHY!
ULP!
LISTEN... SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S IN THERE!
OUCH
OOCH
OWWW
YIPE
YOW
OOOO!
10

HEY, LOOK! IT'S UNCLE FENSTER!
@*%#&#@ WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF PUSHING MY HOUSE OFF THE MOUNTAIN?
STAY RIGHT THERE, UNK! WE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!
OKAY, BUT WATCH THAT FIRST STEP!
THEN..
GEE, UNK! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON VACATION!
VACATION?
OH, YOU READ THE NOTE!
IT WAS A TRICK I USE TO KEEP DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMEN FROM DISTURBING ME!
WORKED WELL TOO! HAVEN'T HAD A SINGLE ONE BOTHER ME, YET!
GEE WHIZ, I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT WE DID TO YOUR HOUSE! IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO MAKE UP FOR IT?
WELL, YES, COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO!
I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, COSTELLO THIS IS THE LAST TIME I VISIT YOUR UNCLE!
HEY, YOU TWO LET'S HAVE LESS TALK AND MORE CLIMBING!
BUT BUT, GEE, ABBOTT
11

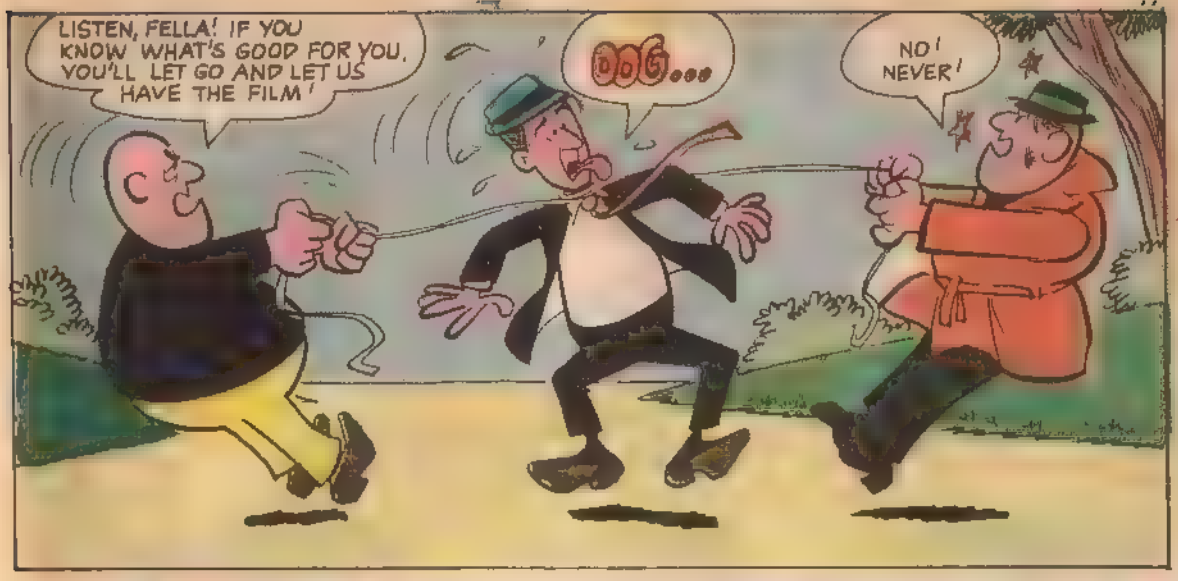
ABBOTT & COSTELLO
IN
ASK A SILLY QUESTION!
?
HEY! ARE THERE ANY FISH IN THIS OCEAN??
ANY FISH IN THIS OCEAN?? WHAT KIND OF A DUMB QUESTION IS THAT?
HEH, HEH!
ULP!
IT'S GUYS LIKE HIM WHO TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF THE SPORT!
YEH, YOU SAID IT!

ABBOTT & COSTELLO

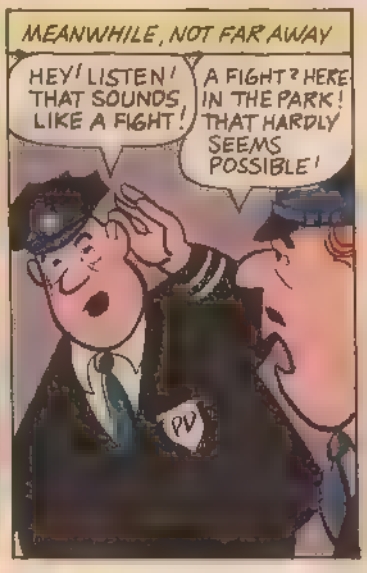
IN ONE FOOT IN THE PARK

LOOK, DADDY THERE ARE NO LITTLE FAT FELLOWS!
HUH?
IN FACT, THERE ARE NO PEOPLE! WE ARE ALL ONLY MANIFESTATIONS OF A PULSATING ENERGY SOURCE WHICH IS BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION!
BUT!
BUT? NO, MY GOOD SIR, THERE ARE NO "BUTS!" THERE ARE ONLY "ANDS" AND "ORS!"
AW, FORGET IT!
SHEEEESH! A LOTTA HELP THAT GUY WAS!
THEN
EXCUSE ME, SIR! HAVE YOU SEEN A LITTLE FAT FELLOW AROUND HERE ANYWHERE?
NO! NO! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY A LITTLE FAT MAN IS WHISPERING IN THE DARK!
AND THEN I'M SUPPOSED TO SAY THE HAWK FLIES SILENTLY SO HE WON'T BE HEARD!
CAN'T YOU COURIERS EVER GET YOUR LINES STRAIGHT?
COURIER? BUT I'M NO COURIER?
OKAY, OKAY! SO YOU'RE A FULL-FLEDGED SECRET AGENT, THEN!
OKAY, HERE'S THE MICROFILM!
BUT
14

HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
SHUT-UP, YOU FOOL! YOU'RE A SECRET AGENT, REMEMBER?
DO YOU WANT EVERYONE AROUND HERE TO FIND OUT WE'RE CARRYING ON SPY ACTIVITIES IN THE PARK??
ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! DON'T MAKE A MOVE!
WHA-?
UH-OH! IT'S THE BALD MAN AND HIS HENCHMEN!!
OKAY, FELLA HAND OVER THAT FILM!
DON'T DO IT, PAL! PUT UP A FIGHT!
BUT .
ALL RIGHT, IF YOU WON'T GIVE IT TO ME, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT BY FORCE!
HEY! LEGGO!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
HENCHMEN! GIT THIS FOOL!
YES, SIR!
LEGGO!
POW
SOK!
SMAK!
FAB
POW


LISTEN, FELLA! IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL LET GO AND LET US HAVE THE FILM!
OOG...
NO! NEVER!

SOK POW
SLAP!
OUCH


MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY
HEY! LISTEN! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT!
A FIGHT? HERE IN THE PARK! THAT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE!

GOOD GRIEF! LOOK! IT IS A FIGHT!
WE'VE GOTTA PUT A STOP TO IT!

ALL RIGHT, ALL OF YOU. STOP THIS SENSELESS BRAWLING!
UH OH! IT'S THE COPS!
OH, THANK HEAVENS

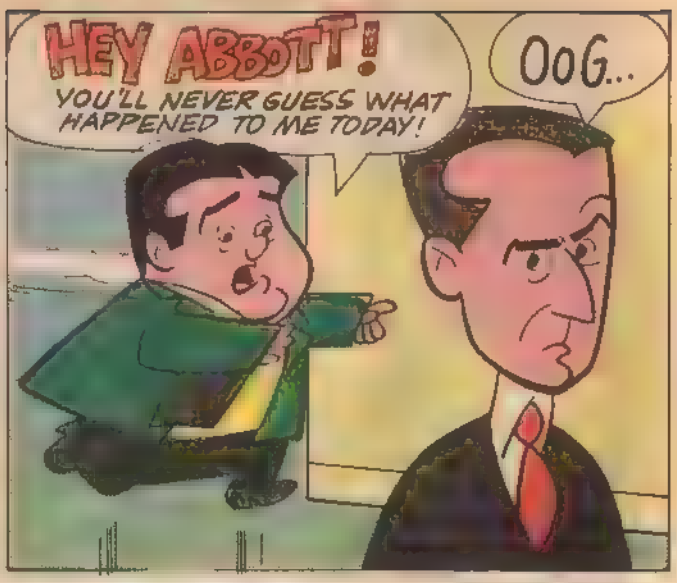
BUT, OFFICER, YOU CAN'T ARREST US! WE'RE SECRET AGENTS!
DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME! YOU'VE GOTTA HELP ME GET LOOSE!
YEAH, YEAH! A LIKELY STORY! GET MOVING!

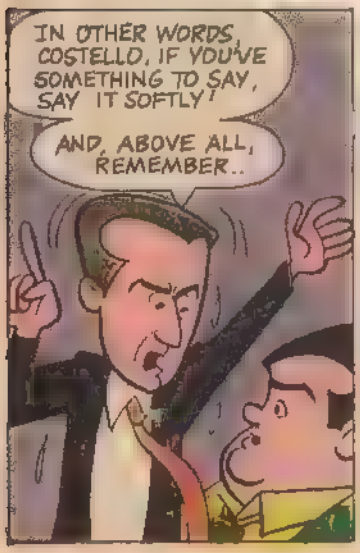
COME BACK! PLEASE! YOU'VE GOTTA HELP ME GET LOOSE!
ULP! IT... IT'S NO USE! THEY'RE GONE!
THIS IS A FINE MESS! THE WAY MY LUCK'S BEEN GOING, IT'LL PROBABLY BE A MONTH BEFORE ANYONE COMES ALONG AND UNTIES ME!
NO! WAIT A MINUTE! THAT INSANE WHISTLING! SOMEONE'S HEADED THIS WAY AND IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S
HUH?
YES, IT IS!
COSTELLO! HEY, COSTELLO! I'M OVER HERE!
OH, HI ABBOTT! BEEN WAITING LONG?
END

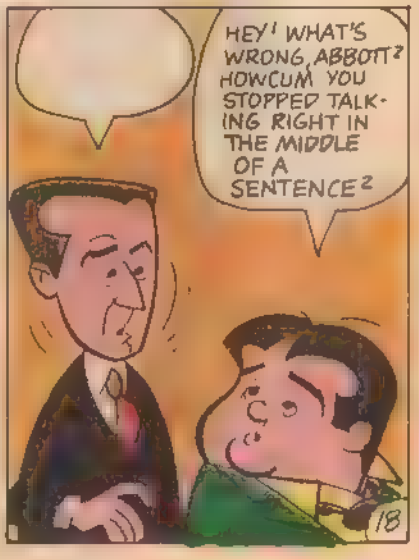
ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN

NEVER-NEVER MIND

B-1544

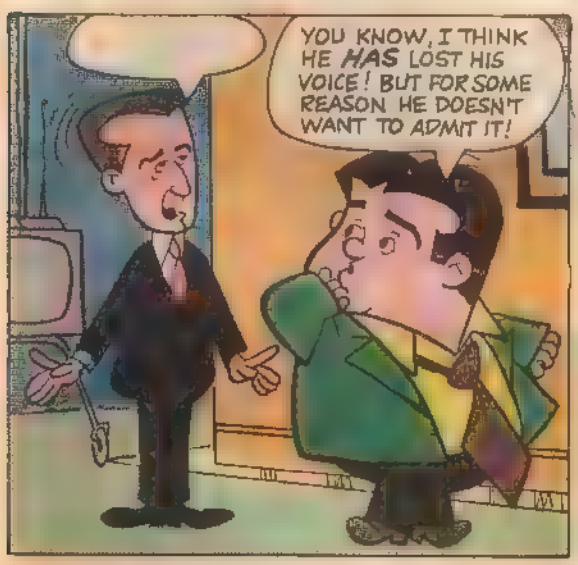


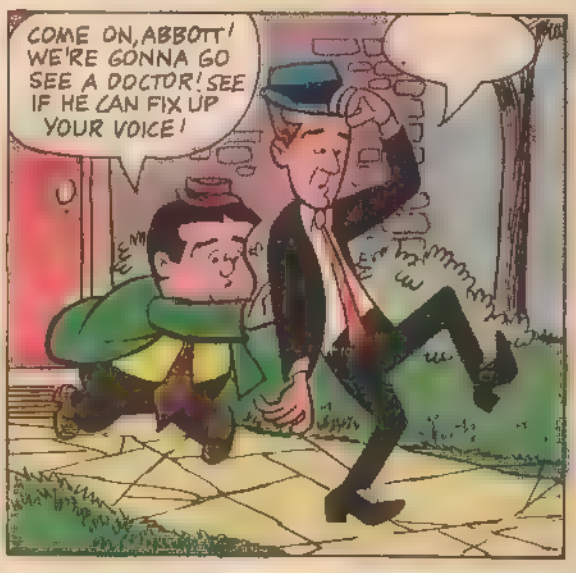


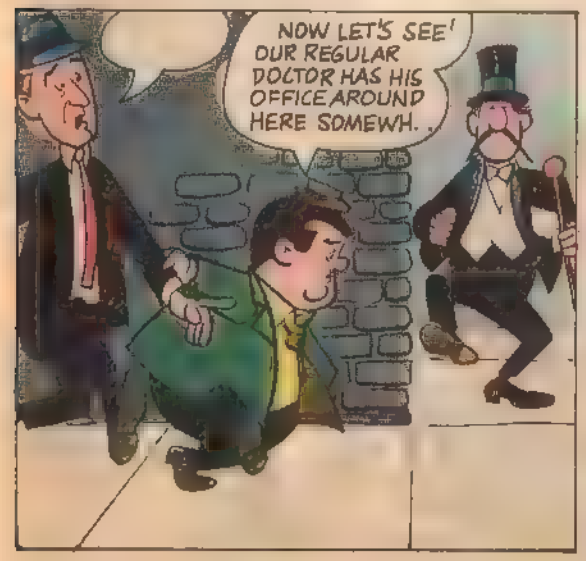


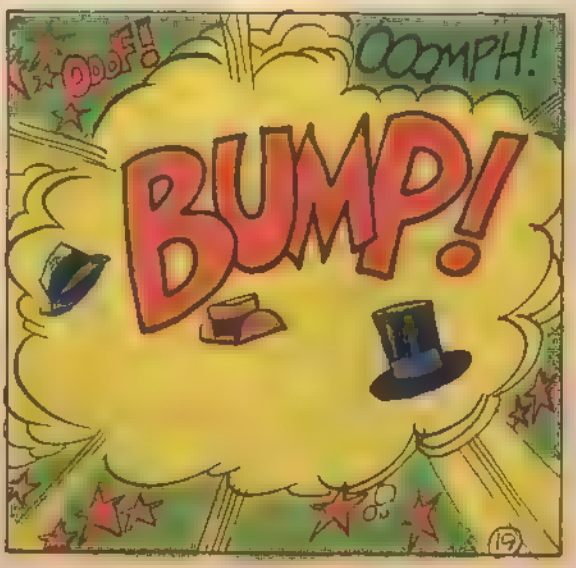
DON'T TELL ME YOU LOST YOUR VOICE!

HEY! HOWCUM YOU'RE NOT ANSWERING MY QUESTION?


YOU KNOW, I THINK HE HAS LOST HIS VOICE! BUT FOR SOME REASON HE DOESN'T WANT TO ADMIT IT!


COME ON, ABBOTT! WE'RE GONNA GO SEE A DOCTOR! SEE IF HE CAN FIX UP YOUR VOICE!


NOW LET'S SEE! OUR REGULAR DOCTOR HAS HIS OFFICE AROUND HERE SOMEWH..


OOF!!
OOOMPH!
BUMP!
19

SORRY!
CAN'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
HEY! AREN'T YOU MONGOOSE, THE MAGICIAN?
YEP! THAT'S ME!
HERE, PICK A CARD. ANY CARD!
GEE, THIS LOOKS LIKE FUN!
OOP! I THINK ABBOTT'S GETTING IMPATIENT!
SAY, WHAT'S WITH YOUR FRIEND HERE? HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S TALKING BUT HE DOESN'T MAKE ANY NOISE!
HE LOST HIS VOICE!
OBVIOUSLY, HIS CONDITION IS PSYCHOSOMATIC!
IT IS?
I'LL JUST DO A LITTLE HYPNOTIC GESTURING AND GET TO THE ROOT OF HIS PROBLEM THROUGH HYPNO-THERAPY!
GEE, THAT WOULD BE A NICE GESTURE!

YOU ARE IN MY POWER!
THERE! NOW TELL ME SLAVE WHAT ARE THE DEEP PSYCHO-LOGICAL REASONS BEHIND LOSING YOUR VOICE?
HMM...
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BETTER TRY A DIFFERENT APPROACH!
THIS TIME I THINK I'LL..
BUT JUST THEN..
SO, MONGOOSE... WE MEET AGAIN AT LAST!
WHA?
GOOD GRIEF! IT'S THAT OTHER COMIC BOOK MAGICIAN. THAT CORNBALL CONJURER FROM GREENWICH VILLAGE DR WEIRD!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, MONGOOSE!
THIS CITY ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US! IN OTHER WORDS, I CHALLENGE YOU TO A MAGICIANS DUEL!
I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE! TO THE VICTOR. ALL OF NEW YORK CITY! THE LOSER HAS TO MOVE TO JERSEY!
2.

OF COURSE YOU REALIZE THAT AS A HEROIC TYPE IT IS AGAINST MY BASIC NATURE TO STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW!
BUT IN THIS CASE I'LL FORCE MYSELF
TAKE THAT, YOU FOOL!
ZZZZT
AND I'LL COUNTER WITH MY ULTIMATE WEAPON..
A SWIFT UPPERCUT, TO THE JAW-BONE!
OH BOY! NOW YOU REALLY ASKED FOR IT!
EGAD! THEY'VE GONE MAD! SOMEBODY AROUND HERE'S GONNA GET HURT!
WHA-? ABBOTT! YOU'VE GOT YOUR VOICE BACK!
HEY! SO I HAVE! I GUESS THIS CRAZY SITUATION SHOCKED IT BACK INTO ME!
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW! SHOCK THERAPY!
YEAH! NOW, C'MON! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE, BEFORE WE GET HIT BY A STRAY ENERGY BOLT OR SOMETHING!
BUT, GEE, ABBOTT! DON'TCHA WANNA STAY AND WATCH THE FIGHT??
COSTELLO, HOWCUM YOU NEVER LOSE YOUR VOICE?
POP
SMAK
BIND
22

BEFORE THE END

Once, long, long ago, in a far-away land there lived three little daffodils. They were very happy little daffodils, as they had everything they needed to live prosperously. Each of the daffodils had a lovely green petticoat and a beautiful golden gown. Each owned a small plot of land on which to grow. The soil was excellent and fed them very well. And each little daffodil had a lifetime subscription for sunshine and showers to keep it strong and healthy. So, you see, they were quite secure in their quiet, peaceful world.

But one day the sun didn't shine and the rain didn't fall. The clear blue sky was heavy with dark, deep clouds. The wind blew fiercely; so fiercely in fact that the trees shook right down to their roots. Of course, the little daffodils were frightened by the foreboding clouds, and the howling wind pushed them right over and whipped through their golden gowns, chilling them to the marrow.

They were huddled together, shivering in the cold wind when the noise began. It came from the east—first a low rumbling sound, then a low growling sound. The noise grew louder and louder, and the very earth shook. O course, the vibrations just made the little daffodils' shivering even worse, till all three of them were just quivering from the tops of their heads to the tips of their tiny toes.

And suddenly it came crashing down from the sky. HAIL! Icy cold, hard, pounding pellets plummeting earthward from the rumbling, roaring black clouds which had rolled in from the east. The little daffodils cried out in pain. They tried to cover their heads with their long slender green leaves, but the hail bruised their leaves, and hurt them just the same. The hail came down, pounding at the trees and grass and earth for what seemed an eternity. It was a nasty, vicious storm, which showed no mercy for any plant or animal, not even for the small fragile daffodils.

Finally, the rumbling grew quieter, and soon stopped altogether. The black clouds parted so that the sun could peek through, and then the clouds shuffled slowly across the sky and disappeared over the horizon. The wind died down to a whisper and gently caressed the earth.

The little daffodils lowered their bruised leaves and raised their battered heads. They smoothed their rumpled petticoats and shook out their crumpled yellow gowns. They each took a deep breath, stood up straight, and pushed the remains of the heavy hailstones from their sore, tender toes. When everything was in order, and neatly arranged, the little daffodils closed up their petals and took a long nap, as they were very tired after their strenuous ordeal.

The next day when the three little daffodils awoke, the sun was shining brightly, and gaily colored birds flitted across the cloudless sky. The trees were standing tall and proud, and the grass swayed gently in a soft breeze. The golden flowers were happy because their world was beautiful again, as it had always been before. They laughed together happily, and joked about the fearfulness of the storm. Now that they had survived this ultimate terror, there was nothing more to fear.

Or so they thought.

EPILOGUE

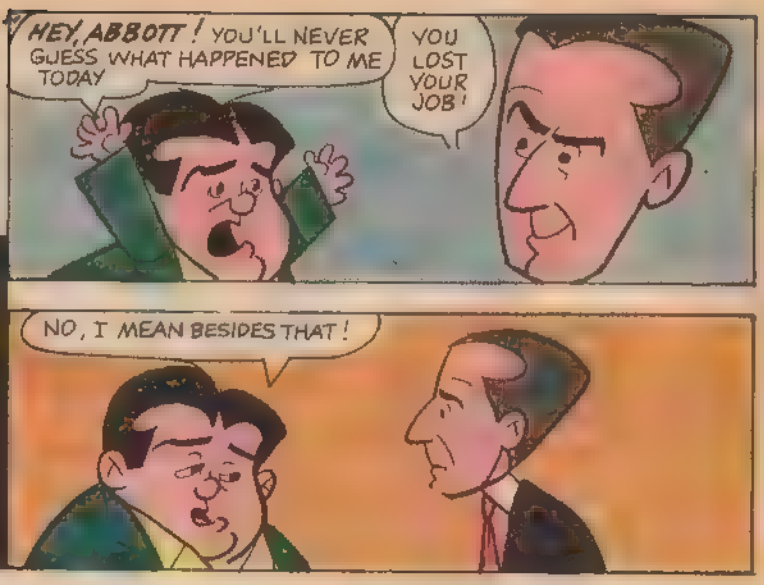
Eventually, the days began to grow shorter. The grass lost its young, tender greenness and took on the deeper hue of mature blades. The trees began their annual transformation, as their leaves dried out in prelude to becoming the crackly red and orange carpeting of the forest floor.

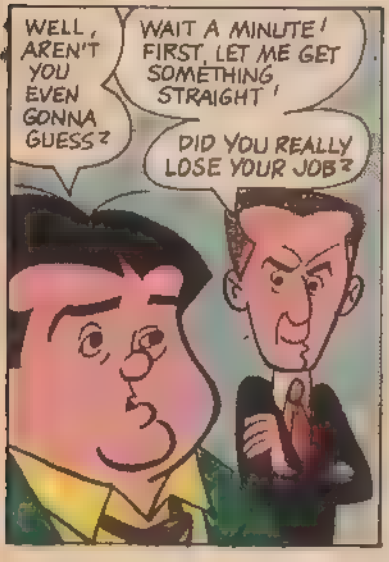
I'm sorry to say that we neglected to visit the daffodils all summer, but by word of mouth - by way of the grapevine, I suppose you could say - we did hear what had happened to them. As the season wore on, they began to age very rapidly. Their gowns became wilted and brownish in color; age weighed them down so that they were no longer able to stand straight in the sunshine. The three of them assumed the attitude of aged spinsters, bitter about their lost-but-longed-for youth. Eventually, they all returned to the earth from which they had sprung, as must we all.

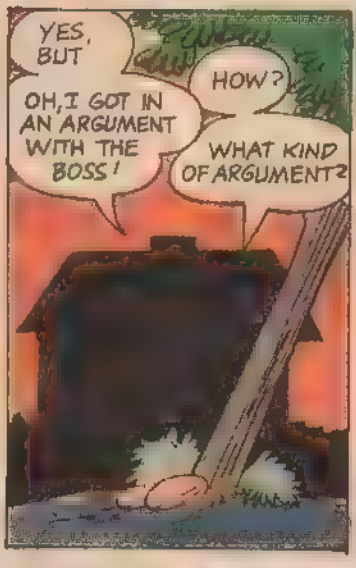
I myself feel that their lives could have been better but for that one tragic episode - the storm - which robbed them of their youth all too soon. All too soon.

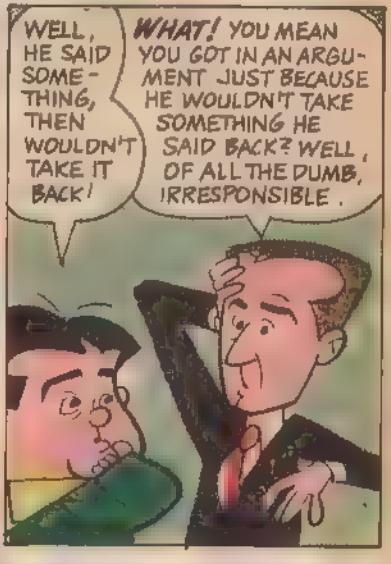
ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN SOMETHING OR OTHER

B-15-11








WELL, HE SAID SOMETHING, THEN WOULDN'T TAKE IT BACK!
WHAT! YOU MEAN YOU GOT IN AN ARGUMENT JUST BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T TAKE SOMETHING HE SAID BACK? WELL, OF ALL THE DUMB, IRRESPONSIBLE.

AND NOW, IN THE HOPES OF WIDENING THE SCOPE OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE, CHARLTON COMICS GROUP PROUDLY PRESENTS ANOTHER IN ITS SERIES OF...

...FAR OUT FAIRY TALES...

The SWITCHED-ON SAGA of LITTLE ORPHAN RIDING HOOD

WHO IS THIS BLANK-EYED ORPHAN CHILD, WHO WALKS WITH CANINE COMPANION THROUGH THE FOREST PRIMEVAL? WHO IS SHE, AND WHY HAS SHE COME HITHER?

URF!

YES.. I KNOW, GRITTY-- YOU'RE *SCARED!* .. SO AM *I!* -*ANYONE* W'D BE SCARED IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS!

THE DEEP DARK WOODS.. THE WEIRD ANIMAL NOISES... THE PESKY MOSQUITOES...

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING -- THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE EVER TAKE A SHORT CUT THRU *CENTRAL PARK!*

SCRIPT BY STEVE SKEATES
PENCILS BY "GRASS" GREEN
INKS BY ERNIE BACHE

8 1086

BUT WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW - WE'VE GOT TO DELIVER THIS PACKAGE TO DADDY WARHAWK'S OFFICE!

MOMMY WARHAWK WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO FIX UP THIS BOX LUNCH AND DADDY IS WAITING FOR US TO DELIVER IT!

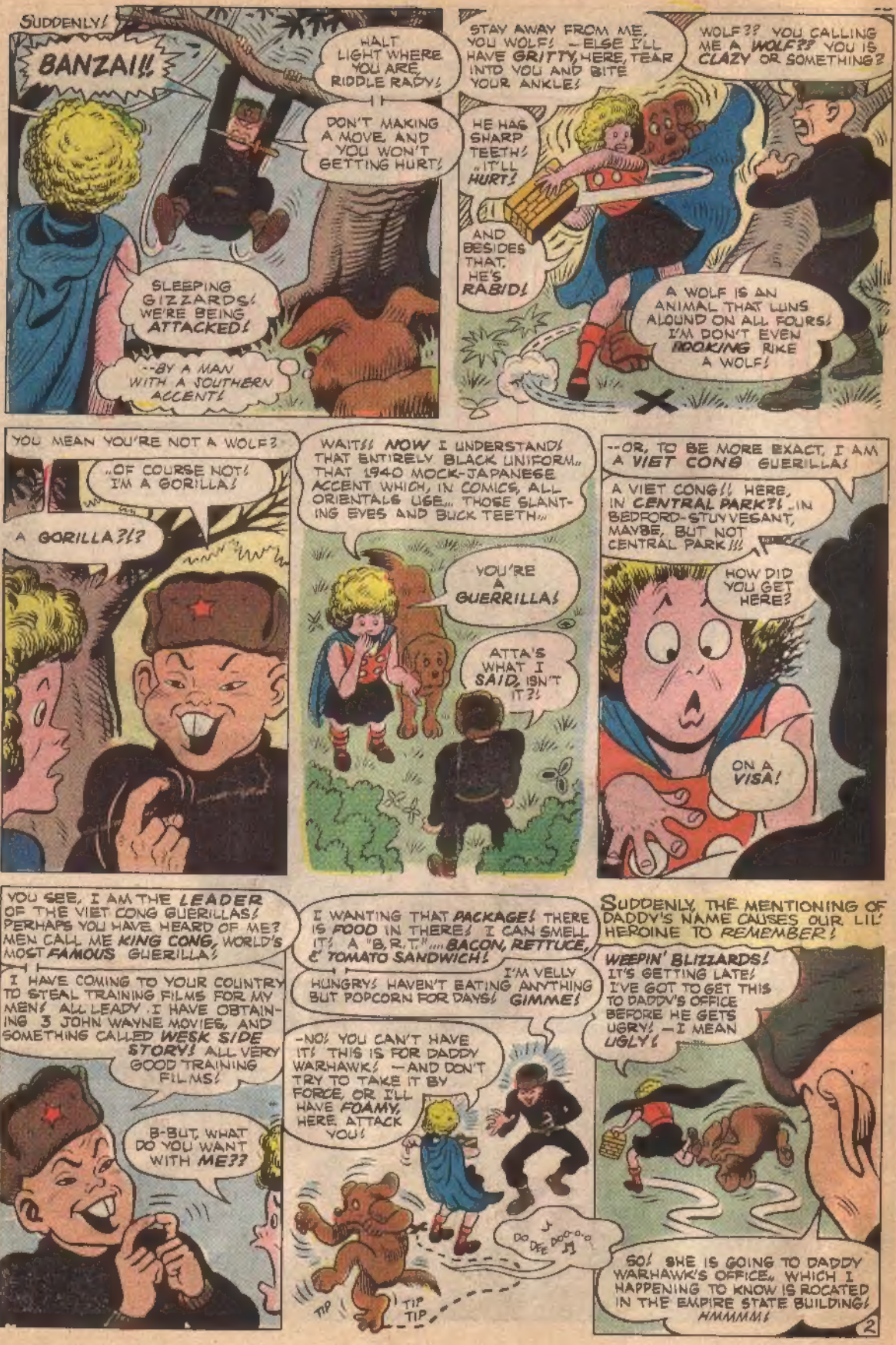
HE'S *COUNTING* ON US!

HE *AWAITS* US!

HE HAS *FAITH* IN US!

.. HE HAS BRASS *KNUCKLES* THAT HE'LL *USE* ON US IF WE'RE LATE!

.. SOMETIMES DADDY CAN BE PRETTY *UGLY*


SUDDENLY!
BANZAI!!
HALT LIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, RIDDLE RADY!
DON'T MAKING A MOVE, AND YOU WON'T GETTING HURT!
SLEEPING GIZZARDS! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
--BY A MAN WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT!
STAY AWAY FROM ME, YOU WOLF! --ELSE I'LL HAVE GRITTY HERE, TEAR INTO YOU AND BITE YOUR ANKLE!
HE HAS SHARP TEETH! "IT'LL HURT!
AND BESIDES THAT, HE'S RABID!
WOLF?? YOU CALLING ME A WOLF?? YOU IS CLAZY OR SOMETHING?
A WOLF IS AN ANIMAL THAT LUNS ALOUND ON ALL FOURS! I'M DON'T EVEN LOOKING RIKE A WOLF!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT A WOLF?
..OF COURSE NOT! I'M A GORILLA!
A GORILLA?!?
WAIT!! NOW I UNDERSTAND! THAT ENTIRELY BLACK UNIFORM.. THAT 1940 MOCK-JAPANESE ACCENT WHICH, IN COMICS, ALL ORIENTALS USE... THOSE SLANTING EYES AND BUCK TEETH...
YOU'RE A GUERRILLA!
ATTA'S WHAT I SAID, ISN'T IT?!
--OR, TO BE MORE EXACT, I AM A VIET CONG GUERILLA!
A VIET CONG!! HERE, IN CENTRAL PARK?! ..IN BEDFORD-STUYVESANT, MAYBE, BUT NOT CENTRAL PARK!!!
HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
ON A VISA!
YOU SEE, I AM THE LEADER OF THE VIET CONG GUERILLAS! PERHAPS YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME? MEN CALL ME KING CONG, WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS GUERILLA!
I HAVE COMING TO YOUR COUNTRY TO STEAL TRAINING FILMS FOR MY MEN! ALL LEADY. I HAVE OBTAINING 3 JOHN WAYNE MOVIES, AND SOMETHING CALLED WESK SIDE STORY! ALL VERY GOOD TRAINING FILMS!
B-BUT, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME??
I WANTING THAT PACKAGE! THERE IS FOOD IN THERE! I CAN SMELL IT! A "B.R.T."... BACON, RETTUCE, & TOMATO SANDWICH!
I'M VELLY HUNGRY! HAVEN'T EATING ANYTHING BUT POPCORN FOR DAYS! GIMME!
-NO! YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! THIS IS FOR DADDY WARHAWK! --AND DON'T TRY TO TAKE IT BY FORCE, OR I'LL HAVE FOAMY, HERE ATTACK YOU!
DO DEE DOO-O-O
TIP TIP TIP
SUDDENLY, THE MENTIONING OF DADDY'S NAME CAUSES OUR LIL' HEROINE TO REMEMBER!
WEEPIN' BLIZZARDS! IT'S GETTING LATE! I'VE GOT TO GET THIS TO DADDY'S OFFICE BEFORE HE GETS UGRY! --I MEAN UGLY!
SO! SHE IS GOING TO DADDY WARHAWK'S OFFICE.. WHICH I HAPPENING TO KNOW IS ROCATED IN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING! HMMMM!
2

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'LL JUST TAKING A SHORTCUT TO WARHAWK'S OFFICE SO THAT I'LL BEATING LIDING HOOD THERE! THEN I'LL OVERPOWERING WARHAWK AND DISGUISING MYSELF AS HIM SO THAT LIDING HOOD THINKS THAT'S WHO I AM!
THEN SHE'LL GIVING ME THE S.R.T. AND IT WILL BE MINE --ALL MINE!
HA HA HA HA! IT IS TO RAUGH!
MEANWHILE
SNARRRLL!
GRRR!
ROWRR
ROAR!
RAGH!
GRRRR
...rrrh..
SAHIB WARHAWK, PLEASE CALM DOWN! THE ORPHAN GIRL SHOULD BE HERE SHORTLY— THERE'S NO REASON TO GROWL!
WHY DON'T YOU GO FLY A CARPET, YOU RIDICULOUS MYSTICAL FOOL? I'M NOT GROWLING!
D. WARHAWK
THAT'S MY STOMACH!
BESIDES, I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT THAN B.L.T. SANDWICHES! FOR EXAMPLE, RIGHT NOW I'M THINKING ABOUT PORTERHOUSE STEAKS!
YOU SEE THAT BUTTON, PUNGENT? WITH IT, I CAN SEND 6 I.C.B.M.'S ON THEIR WAY TO 5 MAJOR CITIES BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN!
FIVE CITIES?? BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE SIXTH MISSILE?
OH, I DON'T KNOW— MAYBE THAT'S IN CASE ONE OF THE OTHERS MISS...
YOU SEE THAT BUTTON NEXT TO IT? THAT'S TO CALL MY SECRETARY IN HERE TO TAKE DICTATION!
"...OR IS THAT THE ONE FOR THE MISSILES AND THE OTHER ONE FOR MY SECRETARY??
HMMM?
OH WELL... IT'S ONE OR THE OTHER!
ANYWAY, NOW DO YOU SEE WHY I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO CONSIDER THAN B.L.T. SANDWICHES?
AH YES, SAHIB! YOU HAVE A GREAT MANY GRAVE, VALUABLE RESPONSIBILITIES!
YOU MUST BE A VERY IMPORTANT MAN FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO CHOOSE YOU FOR THIS JOB!
GOVERNMENT? WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH THE GOVERNMENT? THESE ARE MY OWN MISSILES!
IN THE IMPORT-EXPORT GAME YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO PLAY ROUGH! --JUST LET THOSE RUSKIES TRY TO UNDERSELL WARHAWK, INC.!!
NO! NO!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
MAYBE IT'S YOUR SANDWICH, SAHIB!
IF IT IS, THEN IT'S GOTTEN PRETTY HARD!
YES, WHAT IS IT?
TELEGLAM FOR DADDY WARHAWK!
TELEGLAM??
3

WAIT! I RECOGNIZE THAT ACCENT! IT'S 1940 MOCK-JAPANESE! AND IN THIS DAY AND AGE, THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! ..UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT THAT ONE THING IS--
NO, WAIT! NOW I REMEMBER! IT CAN ONLY MEAN THAT THERE'S A VIET CONG OUTSIDE OUR DOOR!
A VIET CONG?! HERE? ..IN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!
IN ASTORIA, MAYBE, BUT..
--QUICK, PUNGENT! HAND ME MY BRASS KNUCKLES!
BUT SAHIB, OL' BOY! THERE'S NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE MYSTICAL POWERS I ACQUIRED IN INDIA? ALL I NEED DO IS SAY A FEW SHORT, TERSE, AND PITHY WORDS, AND ;POOF!-! NO MORE ADVERSARY!
HEY! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! GET READY! I'LL OPEN THE DOOR!
"THUS"
AH SO, DADDY WARHAWK! WE MEET AT RAST!!
QUICK, PUNGENT! MAKE WITH THOSE MAGIC WORDS!
?
YES, SIR!
TIYO KIMOSAVEE!
?
POOF!
PIFF!
AND ON A FORMERLY DESERTED PLATEAU SOMEWHERE IN PERU...
WHAT HAPPENED? ..WHAT HAPPENED??
...WRONG TRIBE...
SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW ALL I HAVING TO DOING IS TO DISGUISING MYSELFING-ER.. MYSELF, AS DADDY WARHAWK AND WAIT FOR RIDDLE MISS BRANK EYES TO SHOW UP!
HMMM!
I WONDER WHAT THOSE LITTLE BUTTONS FOR?
MAYBE IF I JUST PUSHING ONE....
AND AT THIS SELF-SAME MOMENT, OUR FAIR YOUNG HEROINE IS CLIMBING THE STAIRS OF THAT SELF-SAME BUILDING..
PEEPING WIZARDS! I WISH THEY'D ALLOW DOGS ON THE ELEVATOR! THIS CLIMBING SURE WREAKS HAVOC ON MY FALLEN ARCHES!
TOP FLOOR 1 MILE
..OH, WELL..
ONLY 47 MORE STORIES TO GO...
OOF!
I MEAN URF!
EGAD... WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NEXT?!? ..HEH, HEH, HEH... YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT ISSUE TO FIND OUT!!